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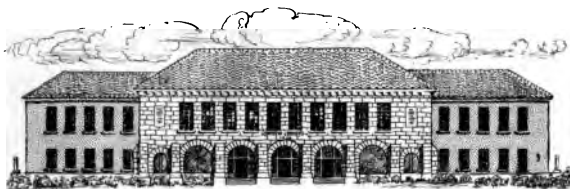
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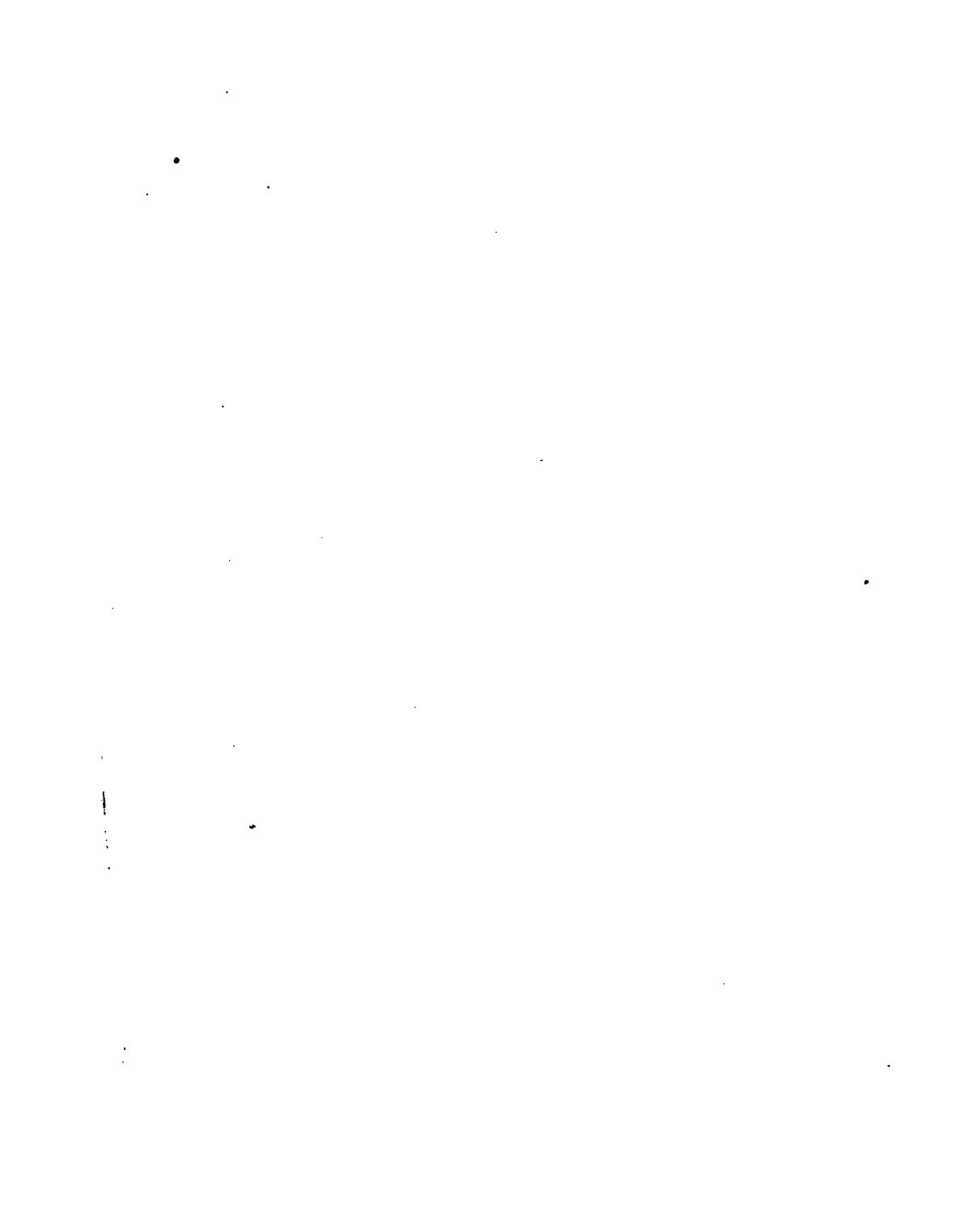


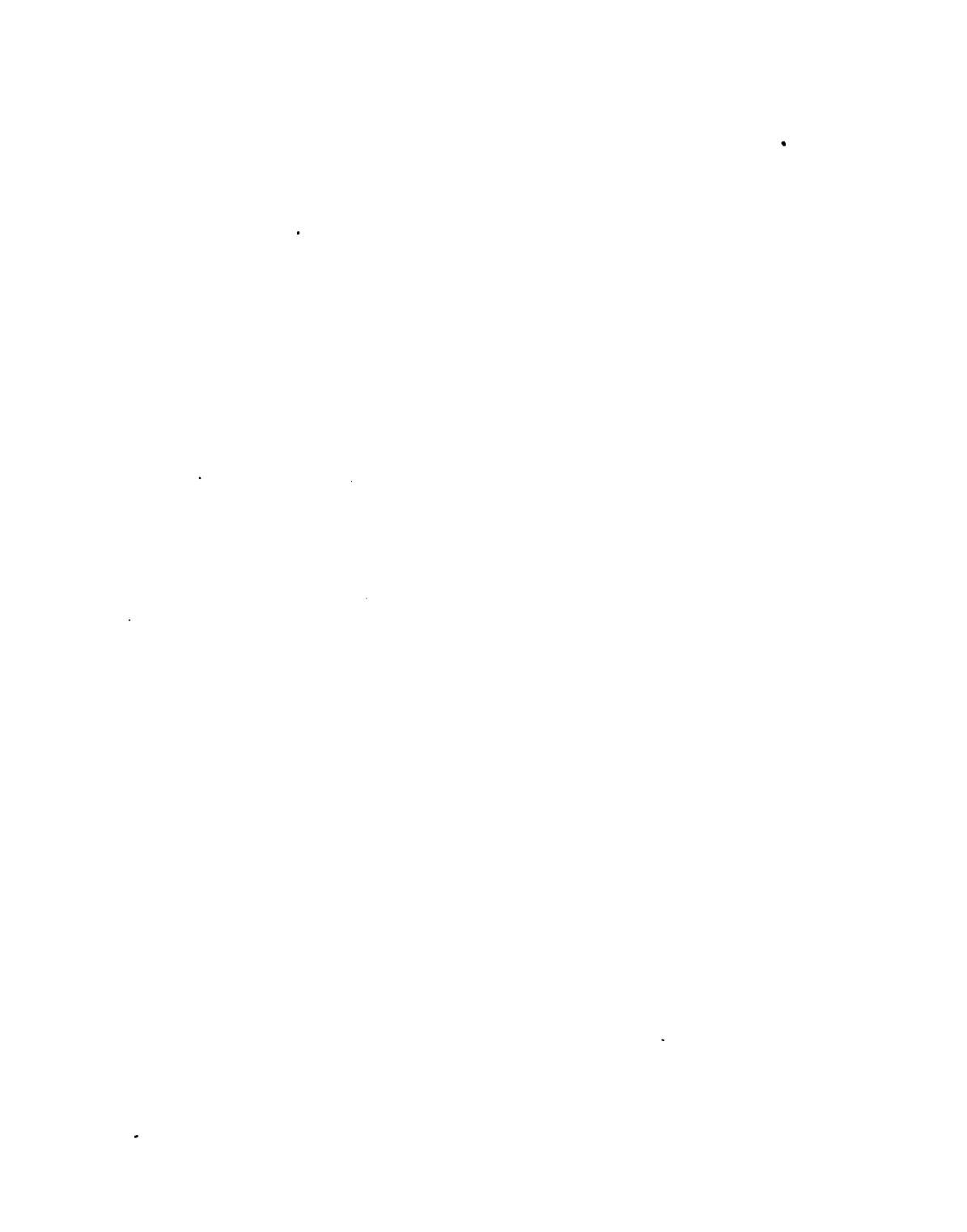
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LEGENDS OF THE
RED CHILDREN

A SUPPLEMENTARY READER

FOR

FOURTH AND FIFTH GRADE PUPILS

BY

MARA L. PRATT

Chadwick



CHICAGO NEW YORK

WERNER SCHOOL BOOK COMPANY

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Bad Children.

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THE RED CHILDREN.

Many years ago, when this country of ours was one great forest stretching from ocean to ocean, there dwelt here and there, upon the plains and along the river banks, a race of happy little children.

The Red Children we call them; but they called themselves the Children of the Sun. Very free and happy they were; for all day long they played beneath the trees and among the grasses.

The winds and the stars they called their little brothers; and when the thunders rolled and the beautiful lightnings flashed, when the north wind roared and the trees in the great forests bowed before the storm, the Red Children rejoiced and their brave little hearts throbbed with delight. For some day they would be tall, strong warriors; strong like the north wind; fleet like the lightning; terrible like the heavy thunder.

They loved the sun and the clear sweet air; and when at sunset they looked away towards the west, they thought of the wonderful tent where Waukee-



“WONDERFUL TO THE RED CHILDREN WERE THE WINDS.”

yan, the air god, dwelt. This tent, which had four great doors, one looking east, one west, one south, one north, was guarded by four sentinels robed in scarlet.

At the east gate there was a butterfly, of colors like the sunrise ; at the west was a bear ; at the south a fawn ; and at the north a fleet reindeer.

Wonderful to the Red Children were the winds as they swept across the plains, moving the trees and the flowers to and fro, but never, no matter how closely the children watched, forgetting to keep themselves a mystery.

There was Wa-bund, the East Wind, always young and beautiful. He it was that brought the morning, and with his silver arrows chased the darkness down the valley. He it was that painted the clouds, and called the deer and the hunter from their sleep.

There was the West Wind, Ka-be-yun, the strong, soft wind that ever and forever, over all the winds of heaven, held supremest power. It was he that could drive away the clouds—the heavy water-laden clouds of the south, or the cold, cruel clouds of the north; and at his call the sun shone forth, the moon and the stars, and the blue sky smiled down upon the earth.

There was the South Wind, dreamy and drowsy, who had his dwelling far to southward, where summer never ended, and where the robins, the bluebirds, and the swallows dwelt. When, amid his fields of fruit and melons, and his vines heavy with the purple clusters, he sat at sunset and smoked his pipe of peace, then the smoke rolled northward; it filled the air with haze and vapor; it touched the rugged mountains with smoothness, and brought the golden Indian summer.

And there was the North Wind, Ka-bib-nok-ka, who came forth from his lodge of snowdrifts, from his home among the icebergs. His hair, sprinkled with snow, floated behind him like a river. The little brooks were still, and the fishes fled for shelter when the breath of Kabibonokka fell upon them. He loved to send the snowflakes flying, sifting, hissing through the forest; to freeze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers; to drive the loon and the seagull southward; and to chase the cormorant and the curlew to their nests among the rushes—this cruel, fitful Kabibnokka.

Thus the four winds were divided. And happy were the little Red Children, when, curled up snugly

in their blankets, close beside the wigwam fire, they listened to the chiefs as they told the stories of them and of their dwelling-places in the corners of the heavens.

But these were not the only stories; for the little Red Children were story-lovers, as were also their fathers and mothers.

Every tribe had its story-teller who went from wigwam to wigwam; and when the days were short and the nights long he would sit before the fire and tell most wonderful stories of the moon, the stars, the trees, the flowers, and even of the white rabbits, the foxes, the waterfowl, and the tiny, timid birds.

All these, the little Red Children listened to and learned. They told them to one another, the larger children to the smaller; and by-and-by, when they were tall, strong warriors, they told them to their own little children. These in turn told them to their children; and those again in turn to theirs, till by-and-by some wise men who loved the Red Children and saw the sweetness of their simple stories, gathered them together and told them in a book, so that you and I might read these legends of the Red Children.

SHINGEBISS.



“HA, LITTLE SHINGEBISS, HOW NOW CAN YOU GET YOUR FOOD?”

FAR away to the North, where the snow and ice are ever present, where the lakes are ever frozen

over, and where the mountains glisten white in the sunlight, dwelt the North Wind.

Beside a solitary lake, though the winter was bitter and cold, and the ice was thick upon the water, dwelt Shing-e-biss, the Wild Duck.

It was a poor, little hut, the house in which

Shingebiss lived and little wood had he to warm it with. There were only four logs; yet, these were large and each would burn a month.

“Why should I want another log,” the cheery Shingebiss would say, “since there are but four cold months in the year?”

Now Shingebiss was brave and fearless. No day was to him too cold; and let the North Wind rage as he would, he was never afraid to fly down to the lake for food.

Sometimes the North Wind would freeze the water over and shriek, “Ha, ha, little Shingebiss, how now can you get your food?”

Shingebiss would laugh and say, “I still can live.”

Then he would walk out upon the ice, and with his strong bill pull out the rushes that grew up through the water, so as to make holes in the ice, through which he could catch the tiny fishes swimming beneath. Often, even in the iciest weather, Shingebiss was seen hurrying homeward with strings of fish, even though the North Wind had tried his best to thwart him.

“This is a very strange duck,” said the North

Wind; "he cares not for snow or ice; for frost or biting blast. I will go to his home, and send my cold breath in upon him there."

But Shingebiss had cooked his fish and eaten a nice warm supper. The log was burning brightly, and he lay stretched out before it.

Carefully the North Wind crept up to the door, and breathed in upon the little hut.

"I know who is there," thought Shingebiss; for he felt the cold upon his back. So he began to sing loudly and with cheer:

"Ka neej, ka neej!
Bee in, bee in;
Bon in, bon in;
Oc ee, oc ee;
Ka weya! Ka weya!"

This was his way of saying:

"Windy god, I know your plan!
You are but my fellow man;
Blow you may your fiercest breeze,
Shingebiss you cannot freeze.
Sweep the strongest wind you can,
Shingebiss is still your man.
Heigh for life! and ho for bliss!
Who so free as Shingebiss!"

“Well, well,” said the North Wind; “how dares this Shingebiss sing of me like this! Does he not know I can freeze him and nip him? I will not be defied like this;” and so, creeping under the door, the North Wind pushed his way into the house of Shingebiss, and sat down before the fire.

Shingebiss knew that he had entered, but he paid no heed.

“Ka neej! Ka neej!”

he kept on singing, loud and clear.

“I wonder whether he knows I am here,” the North Wind thought to himself. “Does he not feel me?”

But the little duck went on singing, louder and louder, and at the same time stirring the great log until it cracked and snapped, and the roaring flames leaped up the chimney.

“Ka neej! ka neej!

Bee in! bee in!”

“Well, well,” said the North Wind again; “Well, well!”

“Ka neej, ka neej!”

“I can never put down this fire! I am melting; but the Shingebiss is not freezing! I cannot breathe! Never before did I feel such heat.”

And indeed the North Wind was melting. His frosty hair was wet. The water dripped from his long white beard; the tears ran down his cheeks. Soon, with one faint shriek he fled out into the cold air again.

“A strange little creature, that Shingebiss,” said he, as he flew towards his home in the north. “A strange little creature. I cannot freeze him, I cannot starve him. I do not understand.”

And never again did the North Wind try; and that is why all winter long the Shingebiss is warm in his soft coat of long, thick feathers, and why, even when the ice is thick, he can always find his food in those places where the rushes grow.

THE LEGENDS OF THE LIGHTNING.

There was once a poor little Indian lad whose father, a great chief, had fallen in battle, and whose mother had been carried away by the enemy.

“We will not take that little lad with us,” said the enemy, “for it might be that he would grow up and avenge the death of his father.”

So when the village was burned and the corn-fields trampled down, the little lad was left alone with neither food nor shelter; and the enemy went away, down the valley, carrying with them the little lad's mother and all his sisters to serve as slaves in the homes of their captors.

All day long the little lad wandered up and down among the burned wigwams, finding here and there a kernel of corn to keep him from starving; but when night came he was very tired and hungry and crept into the woods for shelter.

Already the wolves had learned that the village had been burned, and that the people had gone away;

so down they came into the forest in search of food. They said, "there will be no one now to watch for us and try to shoot us with their rapid arrows."

Hardly had the boy laid himself down to sleep when, close beside his head, he heard the roars of bears and the hungry howls of wolves.

He sprang to his feet, and tried to run; but the wolves were everywhere about him, and already he could see their flaming eyes.

Now this little lad was brave and nimble; he could run like a deer and he could climb like a cat. So with a bound he sprang toward a tall, straight pine, seized it in his arms, and before even the swiftest wolf could overtake him, was far up among the tree's protecting branches.

Then the pine branches whispered softly to him, and bade him curl himself up among them and go to sleep. The trunk, so erect and strong, made a back for him to rest against, and the little pine tufts spread themselves over him to keep him warm, and the slender boughs held him securely in their arms.

But in the night, a voice from out the sky spoke to him. It was the voice of a good manito, and it

said to the child: "I am sorry for you, little lad; and I am come to bear you away with me into the upper air. There you will never be hungry or cold, and no cruel wild beasts will seek to devour you when the night comes on."

Then the child felt himself lifted high above the forest trees. Away out over the country they sped, higher and higher, and towards the shining stars.

Then there were put into the child's hands, twelve silver arrows, and the good manito said, "Go, now, to the northern sky, where the cruel manitos dwell. With these arrows shoot down the chiefest among them. Fling them over the edge of the earth into the great sea that surrounds us; then will the Red Children bless you. The good manitos, too, will be glad; for those in the northern sky often work evil to us as well."

So the child took the arrows and set out into the northern sky where the manitos dwelt; and there he found them in great numbers, hurrying back and forth across the sky.

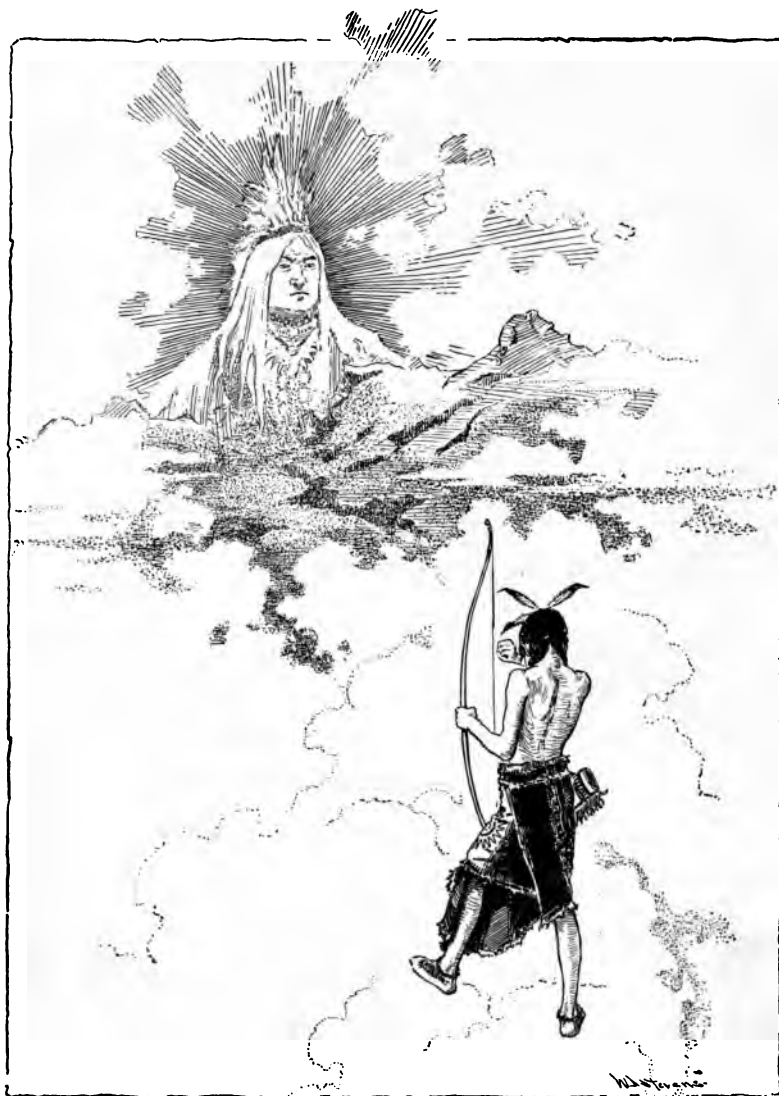
Skillfully he bent the bow while he took most careful aim.

One, two, three arrows he shot across the great snow fields. Four, five, six; still no manito had been brought low. Seven, eight, nine; it was very strange. Ten, eleven—only one arrow now was left; for like a flash of lightning, the manitos, sharp of eye and quick, when they saw the arrows coming, sprang high in the air above them, or sank beneath the mysterious sky line which man, though he should travel day and night, could never reach.

Now one more, the last arrow, the child raised in air. With care he poised it, and with skill he drew the cord. Straight at the heart of the chiefest of the manitos he sent it; but alas, hardly had it sped half its way across the snow fields, when the manito, transforming himself into a mighty mountain, stood black and grim against the northern sky.

Against the rocky mountain side the arrow struck, and fell shattered into the seething waters.

“And now,” roared a voice from out the mountain, “you have wasted all your arrows. Twelve of them have you shot out across the sky at the mighty manitos. Bear now your punishment; for the anger of the manitos is upon you. In all the time to come,



“YOU HAVE WASTED ALL YOUR ARROWS.”

you shall ever like your arrows, flash and gleam, and shoot across the skies. The people of the earth shall fear you, and you shall carry destruction wherever you go."

Then came a crash of thunder. The child was lifted high among the clouds. The north wind howled, and hurled him across the sky, leaving along his track a trail of blazing fire.

"It is the lone lightning," the Red Children say when they see the fire among the clouds; "the blue lightning, into which once a little lad was changed by the cruel manitos of the northern sky."

A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH WIND.

The lazy, soft-eyed South Wind lay upon his downy couch of cloud mist, and looked away to the distant north.

He sang softly to himself as he swung to and fro, and wondered what there might be of joy and beauty away off toward the northern sky.

And as he looked, he saw a great field; and among its waving grasses were bright yellow flowers, shining like bits of gold.

“They are like my own soft yellow light,” thought the South Wind; “the soft yellow light with which I mellow fields, and hills, and valleys, and dales, when the Indian summer broods over the earth. But I wonder, wonder what the little yellow flower is, whence it came and whither it will go.”

But the South Wind was indolent; he wondered and he dreamed, but never once did he rise from his soft cloud-mist couch.

One morning he looked again toward the north, and



"THE LAZY, SOFT-EYED SOUTH WIND LAY UPON HIS DOWNY COUCH OF
CLOUD MIST."

lo, a great change had come upon the field of golden flowers.

The rich yellow had disappeared ; and in place of the golden crowns each flower shone fleecy white, among the waving grasses.

“Alas, alas,” the South Wind sighed ; “my brother, the North Wind, has wrought this change. He has touched the heads of these golden flowers with his icy breath.”

“Why need he blight the summer fields ; why need he rob them of their beauty ?”

And as the South Wind sighed, there was a flutter among the flowers and grasses in all the sunny fields ; their heads waved to and fro, and the grasses whispered softly to one another.

Then, even while the South Wind looked, behold the little shining white crowns disappeared. It was a strange change. The South Wind could not understand, but the air for miles and miles around was filled with tiny, white-winged filaments ; and they flew hither and thither, rising and falling with the wind, and frolicking only the faster when the sad South Wind sighed.

“The dandelion seeds are looking for a place to sleep through” the winter, said the little Red Children. “See how the South Wind helps them.”

But the South Wind said, “What do the children mean? It is very strange.”

THE STAR BEAUTIFUL.

There was once a little Red Child who loved the stars more even than he loved his little brothers and sisters.

Every night when the sun began to sink in the west, the boy would creep away by himself up the hillside to watch for the coming of the stars.

And one there was that seemed to him brighter and more beautiful than all the others.

“It is my own Star Beautiful!” he would say; and when it shot out its first ray of light to him each night, he would raise his hands toward it and cry, “Welcome, welcome, my Star Beautiful!”

And when, sometimes, the star could not shine out because of the heavy clouds that lay between it and the Red Child, the boy would look toward the place where he had seen it last and say: “Star Beautiful, you are there, I know, although I cannot see you. I will go and call to the West Wind to drive the clouds away, that I may see you again.” And

the West Wind, loving the little Red Child, always answered the prayer; for sometimes the clouds would break, even that very evening, and the star would shine down through the mist to its little friend.

By and by the boy grew to be a brave, strong warrior; no one in all his tribe was more daring than he. Still better than war did the young man love hunting and fishing.

Nothing was so dear to him as the fields with their star-like flowers, and the forests through which his Star Beautiful danced and twinkled among the branches.

No hunter in any village was so skillful with his bow as this young hunter; for steady was his aim and clear his eye. Then, too, when he drew his bow, he never forgot to say, "Star Beautiful, it is you who gives me skill. My good Star Beautiful." For many and many a time, now that the little Red Child had become a man, did the star come to him, and whisper words of wisdom into his heart.

It was the star who directed him to the forests where game was plentiful, and to the streams where fish were abundant; and never did he return to his

village without being laden with both shining fish and tender venison.

“The mighty hunter,” his people called him; “who never fails, and whom the fish and deer seek rather than flee away from in the chase.”



THE YOUNG HUNTER.

“It is my Star Beautiful that gives me help and makes me skillful,” the young man would say.

Years rolled on and on. The hunter became an old man. All his people loved him; and when he could no longer fight nor hunt, they often came to him,

as he sat alone in his wigwam, to ask him what was wisest and best to do; and never did his advice prove false; for he still said, "It is my Star Beautiful that guides me."

And when after a long time the old man came to die, he said, "I go now to my star—the Star Beautiful; for the star has waited all my life for me to come; even since I was a little child and climbed up the hillside to catch its first ray of light."

THE LEGEND OF THE MORNING STAR.

Far away to the North where the great river had its source, dwelt the little brother and sister manitos.

All their lives they had run and played together, up and down the river banks, gathering the bright flowers and chasing the happy insects. But now the time had come when the children's good manito came to them and said:

“Go, little sister, to the place of the Breaking Light; for there amid the morning clouds shall be your home. There a beautiful palace awaits you, and it is made of sparkling rays of light. The clouds hang over it, soft and shining; the warm sun lights it, and everywhere is song and beauty.

“And you, little brother, go to the forests, the mountains, and the plains. There, in the mountain already cut for you from out the strong gray rock, is a fortress brave. There you shall dwell; and at your call the trees shall speak, the vines shall bear their fruit, and beauty shall reign everywhere.”

Then the little children looked into each other's eyes and said, "Our river is very beautiful; it, too, sparkles and shines, and there is joy and beauty everywhere. But it is the great manito's wish that we go away—one to the place of the Breaking Light, the other to the mountain where the echo dwells."

"But, my brother," said the sister, "when the pale gray light begins to spread itself over the sky, look out from your rocky home in the mountain, and turn your eyes toward the far-off east. There you will see me, your sister, shining out from the gray, and looking across the plains to where you, my brother, dwell. And when the clouds begin to change and their colors deepen into red and orange and purple, know that it is my hand that makes the beauty; for it is with these cloud mists, and the rays of soft light that I will adorn my palace in the place of the Breaking Light."

Then the brother said: "Dear sister, on the top-most cliffs will I dwell that I may catch the first ray of light that comes from your bright home among the morning clouds; and at every break of day will I lift my eyes to greet the coming of the red and pur-



“THERE YOU WILL SEE YOUR SISTER SHINING OUT FROM THE GREY.”

ple. And when each morning I see the glory in the east, I will say, 'It is my sister, and it is she who spreads this beauty across the sky.' I will watch till the sun comes and your light fades away; and then I will know that you have gone into your beautiful palace, and that when the sun is gone you will come forth again and will greet your brother."

Then there came a great burst of sound; the four winds were abroad and they swept down the river banks and carried away the brother and sister. They wafted the sister to the place of the Breaking Light, and she became the Morning Star; and they carried the brother to the mountain top, where he should dwell forever. Often his voice was heard through the forest and among the tall grasses; but never did he leave his high cliffs where, when the morning came, he could watch the red clouds with which his sister made beautiful the eastern sky and her own cloud palace among the stars.

WILL-O' THE-WISP.

There was strange commotion among the stars, and one, losing its way in the mist and maze of clouds, wandered down towards the home of the Red Children.

Down, down, through the air it hurried, shooting like lightning across the sky.

"It is an evil spirit;" said the people. "It is a wicked manito!" And they fled from it and hid themselves in great caves.

Up and down the earth for many years it wandered, seeking rest. Often it looked up toward the place from which it had fallen, and saw its sister stars shining in the deep blue above.

But never again could it return to its sister stars, or climb back to its old home in the sky.

Lonely and sad at heart, the star wandered from tribe to tribe among the people.

"I am lonely here," the star would say. But the people did not understand, and fled from it to hide beneath the shelter of their wigwams.

Sometimes the star would wander up and down the valleys ; sometimes it would hang above the tiny lakes of water ; sometimes it would stand outside the camp fires where the people lay asleep.

But no man would speak one word of cheer, one word of welcome ; and the beautiful star was desolate.

At last there came to dwell among the people a little maiden with large brown eyes that looked far away into the distance ; and in them was a light that no man understood. Wonderful dreams came to the maiden, and visions more wonderful than she could tell.

And when this little maiden saw the star she reached her hands out towards it, and said "My beautiful shining star !"

Then the star danced for joy, glad that at last a soul was born that knew that it was lonely. And it came toward the child, growing brighter and brighter, and dancing higher and higher.

"It is strange," the people said ; and they named the child Wandering Star. Now the star and the child loved each other, and never again was there



“THEN A GREAT GUST OF WIND CAUGHT UP THE SINKING MAIDEN AND CARRIED HER AWAY.”

loneliness in the heart of either. Every night when the child looked out from her wigwam, she saw the star and whispered loving words to it; and the star watched over the maiden while she slept.

But one day the child wandered out into the world; across the fields, up the valley, down into the treacherous morasses she wandered. Then darkness fell; the clouds shut out the light of the moon, and the frightened child sank in the green slime.

Then a great wind arose. The clouds hurried and scurried across the sky; the lightning flashed; the thunder rolled; a great gust of wind swept down the valley, caught up the sinking maiden and carried her away, no man knew where.

All summer long the people searched for the child; but no one could guide them to her. The trees sobbed and the bulrushes sighed as the winds swept by; but they could not help the people who searched the hills and dales.

Then the Wandering Star descended into the marshy place where the maiden had last been seen. Close down among the sedges it made its home, and there it brooded sadly over the little child.

Never again was it seen on the hilltops, or among the camp fires; and no longer did it wander up and down the valleys. But every summer, when the hunters went forth to hunt, they found the faithful star, still shining, still brooding over the place where last the child had stood—the child who had loved the star, and had stretched its hands out toward it, and had called it “My beautiful shining star.”

THE AURORA, THE WHITE ARCH, AND THE GREAT BEAR.

When the days are short and the nights are long ; when the sun creeps southward and for six long moons hovers over the land where the South Wind dwells ; when the air is cold and the sun lies glistening on the ground, then the little Red Children look up into the sky and see the great arch of white stretching across the blue heavens.

And in the North the red flames leap flashing like fires across the sky.

“These red flames,” the old chiefs say, “are the spirits of brave warriors who have long since gone to the happy hunting grounds.

“Their arrows and their bows they carry with them. The souls, too, of their dogs have joined their masters in this land beyond the setting sun.

“There game is plenty ; and all day long the warrior hunts and carries war into the homes of the foe. Ever successful in war is he ; and on winter nights he dances the war dance ; he chants and shouts ; he

waves his war club. It is his plumes of red and white that we see, waving and flashing in the northern sky.

“And the white arch? That is the pathway of the spirits. Up and down this pathway, from earth to heaven, they pass. There are more of them than man can count; and their shadows make the line of white which every night we see stretching like a mist across the sky.”

Then there is the moon swinging high in the heavens. A strange moon it is to the Red Children; for never is it the same. Some times they see it a great beautiful ball of white; then again, as it lifts its face above the eastern hills, it is rich and golden, like the warm color of the autumn flowers.

But strangest of all, it changes its shape from disk to crescent and from crescent to disk. Each night as it rises, the Red Children see that the disk grows smaller, till by and by they see no disk at all. Then again it comes, a tiny crescent in the west, but growing each night larger and larger.

“It is very strange,” the Red Children used to say, and they wondered and wondered.



"FOR TO THE DRAGONS THE MOON IS SWEET."

But one night a wise chief had a dream; and in the dream a voice said, "Wonder no more why the moon thus changes shape; for know now, and tell the people, that they too may know, that it is because of the great dragons that dwell in the four corners of the earth. Out from their homes they come; and it is upon the moon they feed, even as worms feed upon the leaves of the trees.

"For to the dragons, the moon is sweet; it gives them strength and long life; it makes their scales to shine and glitter even as the moonlight glitters upon the Big Sea Water.

"But the moon still grows, on and on. Though there were dragons dwelling in the sun and upon every star; and though they should come one and all to feed upon the great disk of silver light, still would it never fail.

"For the moon is in the keeping of the Great Spirit, and it is set in the heavens to light the Red Children on their way through the forests at night. It is to give them time as well; for the Red children may watch its coming and its going; then when they count their days, they shall say, 'ten moons ago,' or

'ten moons to come ;' for in this way each Red Man shall know the time that another has in mind."

The stars, too, of the heavens are wonderful to the Red Children ; for among them they see birds and animals and trees.

In the North is one group of stars which to them looks like a great bear.

And that it is a great bear, they are quite sure ; for long long ago a great chief who knew all things told them this story :



"A GREAT WHITE BEAR SPRANG OUT FROM THE FOREST."

"Once when the Red Men were out upon a chase, a great white bear sprang out from the forests ; and had they not driven their arrows at him, he would have slain them all, so large was he and fierce.

“But when he saw the arrows, he turned and fled. The Red Men followed. For two whole moons they followed, resting neither day nor night. But however fast they sped, the great white bear sped still faster.

“On, on they flew towards the icy north where the white bear lived. But a great giant came now upon them, and a terrible battle followed. The Red Men fought like warriors brave; till all but three fell beneath the giant’s strength.

“Then these three cried to the manitos to save them. The manitos heard their cry; and they gathered them up in their strong arms—the three warriors and the bear with them—and placed them in the northern sky.

“There they dwell even to this day; and you may see them every night the whole year long, the three brave warriors still following close upon the path of the great white bear.”

And these simple-hearted Red Children love the skies; they love the rain and the snows, the thunder and the lightning, the warm sun and the soft light of the moon. For all these bring comfort to the

earth and to the people. And they pray to the manitos of all these good powers, and they sing songs to them, beautiful and wild and free.

O white floating Clouds! clouds like the plains, come and water the earth! O Sun, smile down upon the earth and bring forth the corn, the grasses and the flowers!

O Moon, O Lion of the north, Bear of the west, Badger of the south, and Wolf of the east! Elder war-hero, younger war-hero, warriors of the six mountains of the world, intercede with the cloud people for us that they may water the earth. Medicine-bowl, cloud-bowl, and water-vase, give us your hearts that the earth may be watered. White Shell Bead Woman who dwells where the sun goes down; Mother Whirlwind, Father Sus-sis-tin-naks, Mother Ya-ya, creator of good thoughts, Yellow Woman of the North, Blue Woman of the West, Red Woman of the South, White Woman of the East, hear us, hear us, and intercede for us with the cloud people!

THE RAINBOW.

When the good Great Spirit had made the world and had put into it everything that man could need ; had made the animals to serve him and had bidden the trees and vines to bear fruits for food, then he said : “ Now will I make flowers for all these growing plants ; and the flowers shall be rich and beautiful in color.

“ The Red Children shall love these bright-colored flowers, for they shall give a glory unto the fields and the hill-sides.”

So the Great Spirit covered the fields with purple asters and goldenrod ; with dandelions and daisies. By the river-side and in the cool forests were the sweet violets, the anemones, and the columbines ; and even the bare rocks he covered with the fluffy saxifrage and the white blossoms of the raspberry and the blackberry vine.

All the long, beautiful summer these flowers made the air sweet with their perfume, and the Red Child-

ren were content. When Autumn came, new flowers came; great, gorgeous flowers of red and orange, so that the fields were a great blaze of glory.

Nor was this all; the very trees themselves changed their sober green to colors that were more gorgeous even than the flowers of the field.

The Red Children gazed in awe and wonder at the beauty spread out before them. They thanked the good Great Spirit, and when the harvest moon had come, they held a feast to show their gratitude.

But one morning a change came over this beauty. The North Wind breathed upon the flowers and the trees, and they drooped and faded.

“O Great Spirit,” the Red Children cried, “behold what the North Wind’s breath has done to the fields and the forest.”

Then the South Wind came again; the air was filled with a hazy, yellow light; the flowers still hung their heads; but there was a tender warmth in the air, and the Great Spirit said, “This is the Red Children’s summer.”

Then a heavy shower of rain fell upon the earth; the clouds and the sun struggled together; the strong



“THERE, STRETCHING FROM NORTH TO SOUTH, SWEEPED A GREAT ARCH.”

South Wind blew, and the leaves fell from the trees ; then the wind and the rain gave way ; the sun shone out ; and, to the leaves and the flowers, what a wonderful change had come ! For when the Great Spirit saw them fading and falling he said, "They are too beautiful to be lost."

And when the Red Children grieved to see them fade, he said, "You shall not lose them ; for I will gather them together ; the bright green of the grasses, the red and orange of the leaves, the purple, the pink, the blue and the yellow of all the flowers, and I will set them in the sky."

Then the Red Children looked towards the east ; and there, stretching from north to south, swept a great arch ; and in it were the bright green of the grasses, the red and the orange of the leaves, and the purple, the pink, the blue, and the yellow of all the flowers, even as the Great Spirit had said !

And now when the Red Children look up and see the bow of many colors stretching its beautiful length across the sky, the old chief tells them this story of so long ago. He bids them love the beauty of the arch ; and he bids them thank the Great Spirit

who gathered the colors together that they might not be lost. "For," he says,

"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there ;
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us,
Make the heaven of flowers you see there."

THE RAIN AND THE SNOW.

“O Mu-in-wa, Muninwa!” the flowers and the grasses cried, “give us water, lest we die!”

And good Muinwa looking down upon the earth, saw the flowers drooping their heads; the grasses were turning brown, and even the leaves of the trees hung lifeless.

“Big Sea Water,” cried Muinwa, “send up your waters upon the dry earth, and save the flowers and the trees and the grasses.”

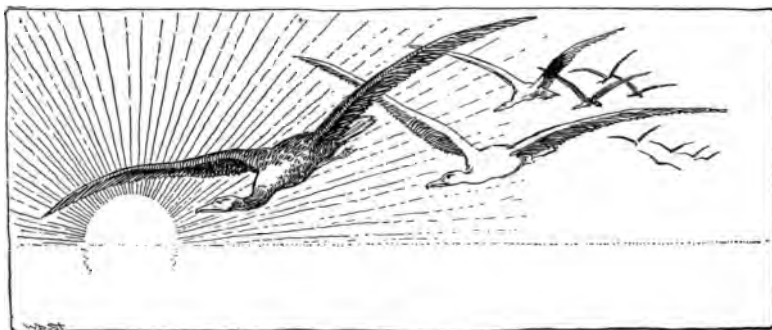
And the Big Sea Water tried; but it could only send its waters a little way up, when back it poured, and the trees and the flowers had no help.

Then Muinwa cried to the rivers, “Send up your waters upon the dry earth, and save the flowers and the trees and the grasses.”

And the rivers tried; they seethed and foamed and overflowed their banks; but soon the waters sank again, and only the grasses near the banks had lifted their heads.

Then Muinwa cried to the lakes, "O Lakes, send up your waters upon the dry earth, and save the flowers, the trees, and the grasses."

And the lakes tried; they too seethed and foamed. The waters splashed and broke upon the shores like



"LET US TRY," SAID THE WILD SEA-GULLS."

waves of the Big Sea Water; the winds rose, and the mist was blown out across the fields, but it was only for a little way; then the waters sank back, and the trees, the flowers, and the grasses were left parched and dry again.

"Let us try," said the wild sea-gulls. So they dipped their wings in the Big Sea Water, and flew out over the fields, scattering the waterdrops upon the flowers and the cornfields; but it was very little they could do over the great, wide earth.

But Muinwa said, "You have taught me a way to save the flowers and the trees and the grasses, O good sea-gulls! I will gather feathers from all the birds of the land; and I will make a great wing that shall stretch from sea to sea and from sky to sky.

"This will I dip in the waters of the lakes, and shake them down upon the earth as you have shaken your wings across the cornfields."

So Muinwa called together all the birds from all the forests. "Give me of your feathers, O birds both great and small," he said, "that I may make a great wing with which to sprinkle the earth and save the flowers and trees and grasses. So may they live on forever, and send forth each year new beauty on the earth."

Then all the birds sang, and the skies rang with their glad songs; for the birds loved the summer that brings the flowers and the trees and the grasses, and were glad to help the good Muinwa.

So it was, Muinwa made the great wing that holds the waters; and when the flowers droop, he waves it across the land, and the raindrops fall upon the thirsty flowers and trees and grasses.

THE PINE TREES.

On the shores of a beautiful lake stand three tall pine trees.



THE TALLEST CHIEF
IN ALL THE EARTH.

All the day long and all the night long their branches wave and whisper and sigh, each to the other. And sometimes in the stillness of the deep night, the Red Children say, these trees have been known to sob; and when the winds are strong, moans, are heard, mingled with the rushing of the winds.

For there are spirits in these trees—the spirits of three chiefs, who, long, long ago, ruled over their tribes and carried on war with one another

Now these three chiefs, though each in his own way was strong and powerful, longed for greater strength and greater power. Each longed to surpass the others.

So together the three went to the home of Glooskap the manito.

“O Gloo-skap,” said the first of the three chiefs, “make me tall. Make me the tallest chief in all the earth. Then I shall have power over all Red Men, and they shall admire and fear me.”

Glooskap looked down at the chief and smiled a scornful smile. Already the chief had made thick soles for his moccasins and had filled them with fur and the bark of the trees.

Besides this, he had pulled his long hair high above his head, and had built it up with sticks and feathers to make himself seem tall.

“You shall have your wish,” said Glooskap.

Then the second chief spoke. “Let me,” said he, “live, forever upon this earth.”

“It shall be as you wish,” Glooskap answered.

Then the third chief said, “Not forever would I live but let me live to an exceeding old age; and give me perfect health with which to enjoy my long life.”

“Foolish ones,” said Glooskap, “know you not that a brave death and a return to the happy hunt-

ing grounds is better than long life upon this earth? Still, you shall have your wishes—all of you.”

Then Glooskap raised his hand; and, behold, the three chiefs were changed in a twinkling.

One, to a tall pine tree—the tallest on the lake shore—with a tassel waving proudly over him.

The other two were changed to pine trees also; for thus the one could live on forever, and the other could have his perfect health with which to enjoy his long life.

And so the three trees still stand upon the lake, and the long years roll by; the one taller than all the rest—the other two sturdy and strong, looking down for centuries upon the tribes that come and go.

And are they happy? Are they content? No one can tell; for they speak not, though they sigh all day long, and even groan when the storms beat upon them.

It would seem almost as if their hearts were sad, and that they had learned that their own simple, natural life would have been best. Still, the Red Children cannot tell.

It may be that what we call sighs and groans are but the language of the trees—the way in which they talk together. We do not know.

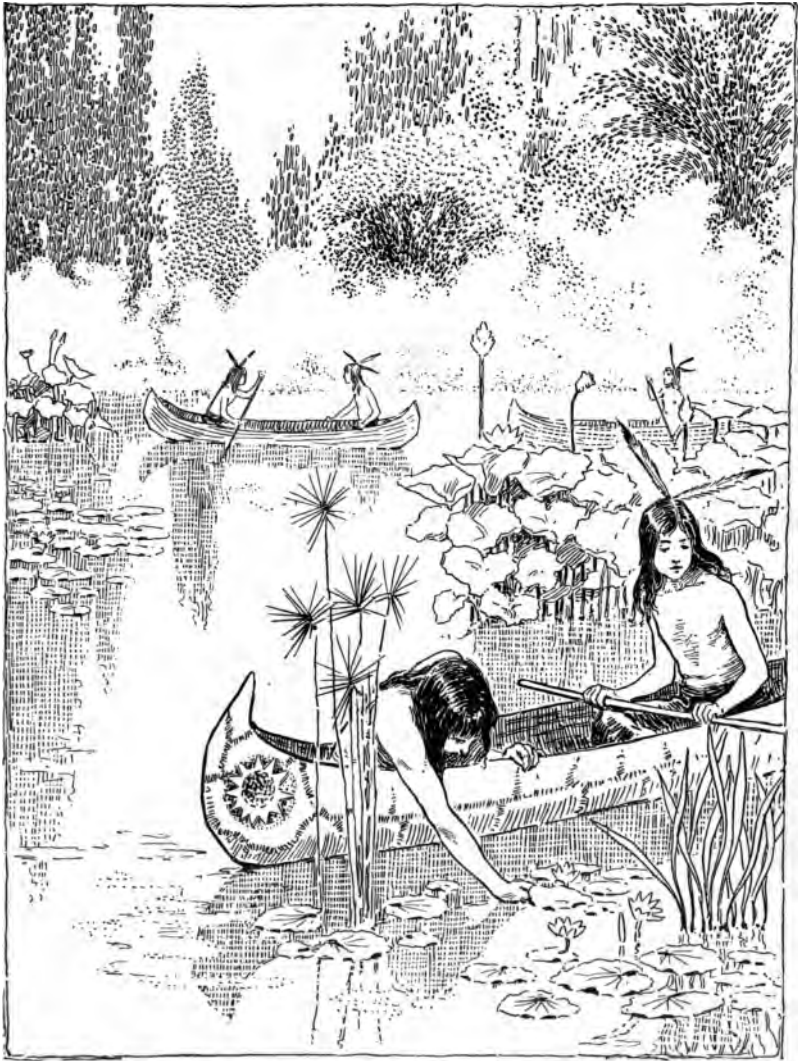
THE LILY-STAR.

Once the world was filled with happy people. Game was plenty in the forests, and nowhere was there drought or famine. People were well and strong and happy. All the tribes were at peace. The beasts of the field had no fear of man, nor had man any fear of them.

The trees yielded richest fruit, and the bushes bent low beneath their loads of berries. And there was no cold, for the spring was everywhere; and all the long year the flowers carpeted the earth, the birds, beautiful of plumage, flew from tree to tree, singing their wild, happy songs, and turning their bright plumage in the sunlight.

And the simple-hearted people dwelt in the forests and on the sunny hillsides. They loved the great, warm sun, and at night they watched the bright stars shining down upon them; for to these stars some time they would be carried by the good manitos who watch over the wigwams of the dying.

But one night they saw a bright star fall. Down,



“AND THE CHILDREN CAME IN THEIR TINY CANOES.”

down, down, through the heavens it fell, till it came and stood at the foot of a great mountain.

Then the people went forth to meet the star, and the star said: "I have come, O good people, down to dwell with you; for you are good and happy and your world is beautiful. Tell me, then, where I may make my dwelling place, that I may watch your wise men and your children at their play; for I love you well, and I long to dwell among you."

Then one chief said, "Dwell here in this mountain, high up among the crags; for there you can overlook the plain; the clouds will stoop to kiss the mountain top, and each morning you may greet the rising sun."

"Dwell upon the sunny hillside," said another; "for there the sun loves to linger, and the flowers are everywhere."

"Dwell in the forests," said another; "for there the cool shadows lie, and the air is heavy with perfume of the pine and spruce."

But the mountain tops are so far away! The star could not see the little children at their play; and it loved the children best of all. The hillside, too, was

distant; and the star felt lonely when the sun was gone. And the forest, to the star that loved the heat and warmth and light, seemed only dark and cold.

But one day the star came and hung above the lake. The water was soft and warm; it rippled and danced and sang. All day the sunlight sparkled on its surface, and at night the stars shone down upon it. Upon the banks of the lake the Red Children played, and the men pushed their canoes across it.

“Here,” said the star, “will I dwell, for I love the Red Children, and the canoes are like the stars that shoot across the sky.”

And so it was that when the sun had set, the star came down and alighted on the lake, and away down beneath the waters it sent its rays. The Red Children say the rays took root, for when the morning came, there lay a beautiful water-lily upon the lake. Its petals were pure and white, its heart was golden like the star, and with its fragrance it called to the children.

And the children came in their tiny canoes, for they loved the sweet lily better than all the flowers of the fields.

LEGENDS OF THE WINDS.

“Tell us,” the Red Children ask, “whence comes the Wind? See how it fans the fire and makes the trees to bend! How it sways the grasses and the grains! Even the clouds and the waters of the great ocean obey its will.

“Still, no man has ever seen it; nor can he ever, though he watch from the mountain tops till twelve moons go by; and though he watch upon the great plains where he may see the heavens on every side.”

Then the wise chief says, “Listen, little Red Children, and I will tell you the mystery of the Wind as it is known to us, and as it was told to our tribes many moons ago. For in those days, when the Great Spirit spoke with the Red Men here upon the earth, he bade us listen while he revealed to us the wonders of the heavens.

“And of the Wind, the Great Spirit said: ‘Away in the North, where no man yet has ventured, nor will ever venture in all the moons to come, lest he

perish ; away in the North, where the sky is cold and the clouds are black ; where the fields are covered with snow and ice that never melt ; where no corn grows, and the birds sing not ; there in that unknown land dwells the great Wind giant Kra-es-vel-gur. Upon a mountain peak he sits, clad in a robe of eagle feathers.

“‘And so broad is his robe and so strong are the feathers that when he raises them the whole earth is put in motion. The whole earth and all that grows or dwells upon it ; for it is beneath these great wings that the wind sleeps ; and the great giant, sitting upon the edge of the heavens, looks down upon the waters and the fields and says which wind shall blow and when.’”

“But the rain and the snow, O chief ! Tell us, do they, too, dwell in the North ?”

“It is E-tok-ah—Etokah and We-ze-at-tah my children—who make the rain and the snow, the warmth and the cold.

“For Etokah is the spirit of the South. He it is who holds in his great hand the warmth that brings the summer and makes the grains to grow.

“He comes with a great rush of wind and rain. In his hand he bears a war club, and when he strikes the heavens, lo! the lightnings flash and terrible thunders roll.

“With him come the crow and the plover; for each rests upon a shoulder of the giant when he stalks forth upon the land.

“More terrible is Wezeattah, the spirit of the cold. He drives before him the chill blast of the North, and scatters the snowflakes over sea and land. With him comes the howling wolf, whose teeth shine and whose eyes glitter like the sun. Armed, too, is Wezeattah, for he brings war against Etokah and strives to drive him from the earth.

“These spirits—the strong Etokah and the fierce Wezeattah—come forth from the corners of the heavens; and when they meet, then the clouds fly like weak warriors before a mighty foe. The great drops of rain pour their floods down the mountain side; or the flying snow fills the air and covers the plains and rivers. The thunders roll, the lightnings flash across the sky, smiting the great trees and blackening the growing roots. Or, the north wind



WEZEATTAH BRINGS WAR AGAINST ETOKAH.

shrieks and howls, and, rushing like an evil manito across the plains, enters the forest and snaps the tall tree-trunks and throws them across the trail.

“So these two battle against each other; and when they cease, then the skies grow blue again and the sun shines down upon the earth.

“Then Aminiki the storm god calls them to him. His wings are black, and when he spreads them over the skies, the sun itself is hidden and the stars shine not. And to Etokah and Wezeattah he gives judgment, saying, ‘Go now, Etokah,’ or ‘Go now, Wezeattah, back to your home in the corner of the sky. Bravely you made battle; but it is not for you to always win. For six moons now shall you keep within the great walls of your lodge. Come forth, then, again; and again shall you battle, and to him that shall win shall be given the rivers and the lakes, the fields and the hillsides.

“‘And if, Etokah, it is you that win, then shall you scatter your flowers up and down the land, and lift the ice that imprisons lake and river.

“‘Likewise to you, Wezeattah, if you win, shall be given the land and the waters. You shall scatter

the sparkling snow till no flowers nor grains nor grasses shall be seen from sky to sky. And the people shall build great fires and hide themselves within their wigwams, saying: It is Wezeattah that has come! Wezeattah, the ruler of the cold! Wezeattah, the strong, white god of the North!"

HOW THE SPRING COMES.

Old Winter sat alone in his little hut beside a frozen river. All across the plain, and up the mountain side, the snow lay cold and still. The winds howled and shrieked, the flowers and grasses hid themselves in the soft earth, and even the great, warm sun crept away toward the southern sky.

But one morning a gentle step was heard upon the snow; there was a soft perfume in the air. The Winter opened the door of his dismal hut, and said: "Ah, it is you, sweet Springtime. Welcome will your voice be in the ears of the Red Children. But come in, and let us talk together, for soon shall I go to my home in the northward; to my home where all is still and cold and white; to my home where the waters never sparkle, where the birds never sing, and where no flowers peep through the glittering ice."

"And from my home far away to the southward I have come just now," said the sweet-voiced Spring. "No ice and snows are there, but in their place lie great fields of soft, green grass. The skies and the

waters are blue; and when the soft winds blow, the grasses and the flowers bend their heads to listen."

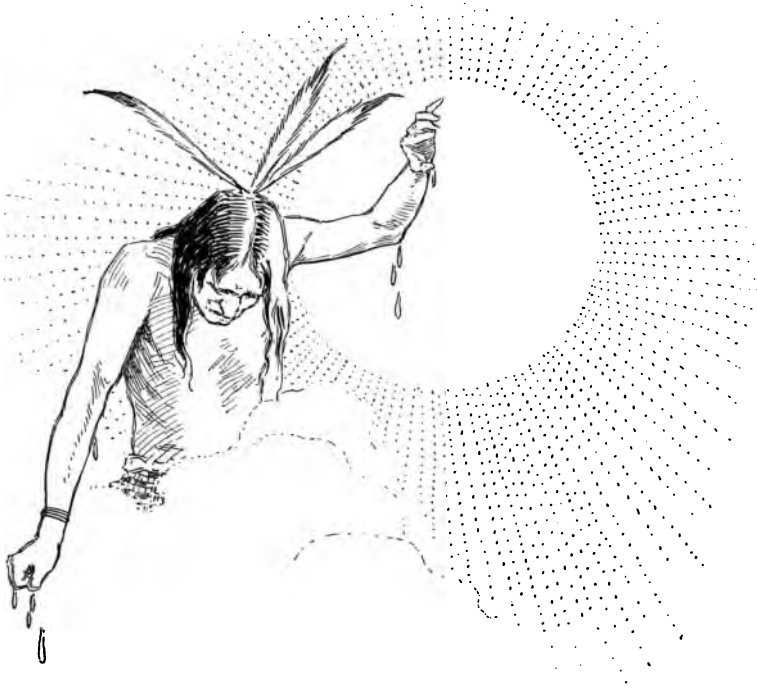
"Ah, but I have power," said old Winter. "I have power like that of the manitos themselves! For when I blow my breath, the streams stand still, the waters stiffen and grow hard, like stone."

"I, too, have power," answered the Spring. "Though I call not in a loud voice, though great trees bend not before me, yet when I breathe, the flowers and tender grasses spring up on plain and hillside."

"I shake my long, white locks, and the cold snow covers the land, the leaves drop from the strongest trees, the birds fly far away to the homes of distant tribes, the animals wrap themselves in their warm covers and hide in deep caves; even the earth itself grows hard, like rock, and hides from sight."

"I shake my golden ringlets, and sweet-smelling showers fall upon the earth; the raindrops glisten on the grasses, and the hearts of the Red Children are glad; the singing birds come back and fill the forests with their songs, the little brooks begin to dance, and the whole earth sings for joy."

But now the sun—far down in the southern sky—had heard the soft voice of Spring and had crept near to listen. Its warm rays fell straight upon old



THEN OLD WINTER'S VOICE WAS STILL.

Winter's hut. A robin and a bluebird perched upon the roof. The river began to sparkle back its welcome to the sun, and the whole hut was filled with the odor of pleasant herbs and flowers.

Then old Winter's voice grew still. Water dripped from his long, white hair; a strange, gray color spread over his cold, white face; smaller and smaller, shorter and shorter grew his form, and weaker and weaker the power of the old man's arm, till, when the sun had sunk behind the purple clouds of the west, no sign of him was left; but upon the ground where he had sat had sprung the beautiful pink claytonia—that sweetest, tenderest child of Spring.

HOW THE SUMMER CAME.

Once, long, long ago, there was no summer in the land of the Red Children, and they had no food but the flesh of the animals which they could slay.

Then all the animals—the Otter, the Lynx, the Beaver, the Badger, and the Wolf—held a council. “We are never safe,” said they, “from the arrows of the Red Men. Let us go to them and bid them prepare for war with us, unless indeed they will promise to harm us no more.”

“But we must have food,” said the Red Men, when the animals had come to them declaring war.

“Is there no other food that man can eat?” asked the sharp-eyed Lynx.

“There are fruits and maize,” said the Red Men; “but these grow not in a country where summer never comes. Bring down warmth for us from the heavens, and we will promise then to harm you no more.”



"BUT WE MUST HAVE FOOD," SAID THE RED MEN.

“We will try,” said the Otter, and, stretching his mouth back to his ears so that all his teeth showed fiercely, he made a great leap up toward the blue sky. Up, up he flew, like a great bird; but his flight was short, for down he came, head first, and struck upon a mountain peak.

Then the Lynx, crouching low, made a leap such as even Lynx had never made before; for he brushed the arch of the sky with the tips of his ears.

Then the Badger tried and the Beaver, and together they cracked the sky, so that when the Wolf’s leap came, his head burst through, and he caught a glimpse of the beautiful world beyond.

“Now,” said a brave chief of the Red Men, “I will climb up the walls of the skies and steal the warmth that we so need.”

For three whole days and three whole nights the brave chief climbed, for he loved his tribe and longed to bring them warmth, and food, and comfort.

And when he had entered the doorway which the wolf had made, lo! there lay spread out before him a land of such beauty as he had never dreamed. The air was soft and sweet. Green grass stretched

as far as his eye could reach. There were flowers of colors brighter than the war-paint of greatest chiefs.

And there were beautiful mocuks, in which were birds whose songs were sweetest music. One bird was there in each mocuk; for these birds were Spring, and Summer, and Autumn. And when the chief saw these, he opened wide their doors and cried: "Fly, fly, good birds! and carry the seasons down to the Red Children below; for they live their whole lives—they and their children after them—and never know of change on tree, or sky, or earth."

Then all the birds flew out. Straight toward the door they flew, but with such noise and confusion that the people in the sunny world awoke and ran to see what strange thing had happened to the birds. Already the gorgeous-feathered Autumn had flown down through. Spring, too, escaped, but left one feather in the grasp of the foremost of the breathless pursuers.

"Summer! Summer!" they cried. "Let not Summer go from us!" But Summer was speeding on close behind the trail of Spring. With one great

leap, four of the dwellers in the land beyond the sky sprang forward and seized her by the wing.

“Hold! hold!” they cried; but Summer struggled with her great, strong beak and claws. Half way through the door was she, nor would she yield. With all their might the four held the bird, till at last the body parted. One-half only escaped to the earth below, for the other half was firm in the grasp of the angry men of the Land Beyond the Sky.

“Now, who did this?” they thundered, when they had placed the poor half bird within the cage again. Then they spied the chief of the Red Men, and with a cry like the North Wind, and with bolts of thunder and flashes of fire, they rushed upon him. Down through the doorway, on, on across the sky they flew.

“How it lightens!” the Red Men down upon the earth cried; and the animals crept, afraid, into the dark caves of the forests.

Though the Red Man sped like a hare across the sky, the angry people of the upper world followed with a speed like the wind. All about him, above him, and below, the fiery arrows darted, till at last

one transfixed him. And to this day, there he lies, pinned to the sky ; and when the Red Children look up and see him there among the stars, they say : "See ! there is the brave chief who dared the people of the Land Beyond the Sky and gave the warm seasons to us !"

And when the beautiful Summer's stay is brief, they say : "It is because we have only half ; the other half is still in the heavens above."

THE SUN A PRISONER.

There was once a little lad whose name was Shooter-of-Birds. The little sister of Shooter-of-Birds was very proud of her brother's name, for he had earned it when he was a baby, swinging in his hammock among the boughs of the trees.

Now, from the first bird little Shooter-of-Birds had brought down with his arrow, he had made for himself a wonderful coat; and most proud was he of its bright red breast and its soft, brown back.

But one day little Shooter-of-Birds lay down upon a mountain top to rest. He was very tired, and he slept for hours and hours. When he awoke, there stood the great Sun, shining straight down upon him, hot and burning. Breathless, little Shooter-of-Birds sprang to his feet. The air was full of the odor of burning feathers; and already his beautiful coat was dropping from his shoulders, singed and scorched.

“It is you that have done this, O Sun!” the boy shouted. But the Sun took no heed, and rolled on across the sky.

“You shall never rise again!” cried little Shooter-of-Birds; and he ran across the mountain side to his cave in the great rock.

“What can you do?” hooted the Owl all night. “You! you! you!”

“Wait! wait! wait!” peeped the birds at sunset. But angry little Shooter-of-Birds would not wait.

All night long he worked, for he was twisting a mighty cord with which to ensnare the Sun. Then, climbing high upon the eastern ridge of mountains, he spread his coil and watched the coming of the Sun.

Slowly it crept up above the waters, but, blinded by its own glare, it saw not the Shooter-of-Birds, whose coil was spread across the skies.

“A daring boy is this Shooter-of-Birds,” said the mischievous manitos; and they laughed to think what havoc it would make up and down the earth if the Sun should never rise again. “We will help the boy,” they said. So they held the coil, and lo! the

Sun entered the great circle and was indeed ensnared.

“Never again shall you scorch my coat of feathers!” cried little Shooter-of-Birds; and he fastened the cord to a mountain peak and ran down into the valley.

Hours like many days passed by, and the Sun came not. “It is very strange,” the people said.

“Oh, give us back the sunlight!” the trees and the flowers and the grasses cried. But the sunlight did not come, and the trees and the flowers and the grasses withered and died.

By and by coldness fell on all the earth, and the beasts of the fields and forests crept into dark caves, crouching close together for warmth.

“This must not be,” they said. “Let us go to the Sun and beg that he shall come again.”

So together they all set out; but no one of them, save perhaps the Owl and the Wildcat, could see in the darkness. Then, too, they were cold and starved, so that by and by the persevering Mole found himself alone, and all his comrades gone back to their caves.

For as many hours as make a month, the Mole traveled on toward the place where the Sun had always risen. At last the Sun was found—the Sun and the coil that bound him to the peak.

“Only cut away this cord of steel,” said the Sun, “and gladly will I come and bring again the light and warmth.”

“I will try,” said the Mole, “for indeed we need the light and warmth, and the world is sad without them.”



“I WILL TRY,” SAID THE MOLE.

So the Mole crept nearer to the Sun, its heat growing always more and more intense.

“Would that I could turn my head away, little Mole,” said the Sun; “but alas! I cannot, and I fear you cannot come so near.”

“I must try,” said the brave Mole; but already its hair was singed and its little back was scorched. “The world needs the Sun! it must have it!” the little Mole said over and over to himself, and so kept his heart from losing courage.

At last the strong coil was reached, and the Mole set to work upon it with its sharp, white teeth. For ten long hours it gnawed and gnawed; and on the eleventh the cord snapped, and the happy Sun sprang up again into the heavens.

Then the animals crept forth again from their caves, the trees grew green again, the grasses waved their heads, the flowers smiled, and all the earth was full of joy again. All but the little Mole! for he, alas! blinded by the blazing Sun, could see none of the beauty that the light and warmth had brought

He could feel the soft breezes, and he could

smell the fragrant flowers; but eyes he had none; and so it is that from that time on the moles dwell forever in their darkness, paying the penalty of the foolish anger of the little Shooter-of-Birds.

MONDAMIN, THE RED PLUME.

Among the tribes of the Red Children, there lived a warrior so brave and kind that all his people loved him, even as they loved the good manitos that watch over the wigwams and the cornfields, to keep them from harm.

Now, this brave, kind warrior could cure the sick and heal the wounded ; he could take upon himself the shape of birds and fishes, and fly through the air and swim through the water.

But, most of all, even more than war, the warrior loved to wander up and down among the people of the tribe, bringing them health and happiness and gifts of good.

One morning, as he walked through a dense forest, into which the sun could scarcely shine, he met a little Red Plumed man as brave as was he himself.

“Good morrow,” said the little man. “You are strong ; but tell me, where does your strength lie ?”



THEN THE BRAVE WARRIOR AND THE TINY RED PLUME WRESTLED.

“My strength,” answered the warrior, “is like the strength of any brave man.”

“Then let us wrestle!” said the strange little man, “for I, too, am strong. And whoever is able to throw the other, let him cry, Wa-ge-ne-wa! Wa-ge-ne-wa! I have thrown you! I have thrown you!”

Then the brave warrior and the tiny Red Plume wrestled. For a whole day they wrestled, and more than once the warrior grew faint and weak; but, as the sun went down, the wonderful strength of little Red Plume failed, and at last the warrior’s cry, “Wa-ge-ne-wa! Wa-ge-ne-wa!” rang through the forest. But, as the big brave stooped to help Red Plume to his feet again, lo! a wonderful change had come upon him! Arms and legs were gone, and his body had become like a full, ripe, red ear of corn. Indeed, but for the red plume still waving, the warrior would have believed the good manitos had taken him away.

Then Red Plume spoke: “Again, brave warrior, you bring a great and goodly gift to your people. For I am Mondamin, the friend of the Red Children;

and, because you conquer me, then you shall take me to your people.

“Strip from me, first of all, these covers that hide me from the wind and storm. Take then my rich, red kernels and scatter them up and down beside the river. Go then to your home, and, when one moon is passed, come back ; then shall be given you the Gift of Corn.”

* * * * *

And never do the brave warrior and his people forget the place where the Corn first grew. Never do they neglect the field where, through rain and sunshine, Mon-da-min lies.

Each day they watch and wait beside it ; they drive the insects and the weeds and the hungry birds from it ; they spread the soft, green mold above it. And, when at length the tiny blade of green breaks through, they sing and dance about the field ; they chant and send up thankful prayers to the Great Spirit for this rich gift, Mondamin.

Then, when the Summer passes, and the golden Autumn comes ; when the corn stands tall and rich, and full of beauty, then, from out its shining robes

and the long, soft, yellow tresses, comes the voice of the Corn calling to the people. Then the people gather in great numbers—all the tribes together—to the feast of good Mondamin—the friend of man—Mondamin.

MOUNT TUTOKANULA.

Away in the valley of the Yosemite is a great mountain whose sides are steep, even like the walls of a cañon. At the foot of this mountain was once a lake, on whose banks two Red Children loved to play the whole day long. One evening, so tired were they, and home so far away, that they lay down upon a great rock and went to sleep.

All night long they slept and all the next day; then the next night and the next, till many moons had come and gone. But all the time they slept the rock was rising, rising, till, when they woke, behold, its summit reached far up among the clouds. There the two Children stood, stretching their arms out across the cliffs, and crying aloud for help.

The Sun and the Moon only heard their cry; and when again they had lain down upon the high mountain to sleep, the Moon whispered to the rain-drops in the clouds, and bade them go down and tell the people and the animals the story of the little Red Children upon the mountain.

And, when the animals heard the story, they assembled at the foot of the cliff to plan some way to rescue the Children.

“They saved me from a fierce cat,” said the Mouse. “Let me, then, try to rescue them.” So the Mouse tried to leap up the mountain side. But alas! it leaped only a hand-breadth, and then fell back.

“They freed me from a snare the Red Men had set among the corn,” said a Rat. And he, too, tried to rescue the Children, but could leap only two hand-breadths.

“They helped me once to climb a tree when the hunter’s dogs were close upon me,” said a Raccoon. But he could leap only a little higher than the Rat.

Then the Bear tried, the Lion, and the Buffalo; but all failed, even as the tiny Mouse had failed.

“They saved, once, my life, too,” said a little Worm. “I lay across their trail, for I had wandered from my home in the tree, and had lost my way. I was very thirsty, and the earth seemed parched and dry. And these children—they trod not upon me with their moccasins, but raised me up and laid me on the rich, soft leaves. Therefore, will I rescue them.”



THERE THE LITTLE CHILDREN STOOD.

So the little Worm crept up the mountain side. Close, close it clung; and, when one moon had passed, it had reached the top of the great cliff, and had guided the Children down safe paths into the valley below.

And so the Children named the mountain Tutokanula; and it bears thus the name of the little Worm, even from that day to this.

THE SNAIL AND THE BEAVER.

Once there were no men, no women, and no little children upon the earth ; but everywhere there were birds and fishes, and in the forest there were animals of many kinds.

On the banks of the Great River lived a little Snail, whose brief life had been spent crawling up and down the banks and burrowing in the mud. But one day the Great Spirit looked down upon the Snail and said : “From that little creature I will make a tall, strong animal. He shall walk upon two feet, holding his head high. He shall speak a language never yet spoken, and I will call him Man.”

Then the Great Spirit sent a mighty flood of water down the valley. The river overflowed its banks, and carried the little Snail to the high land, where it left it far away from its water home.

Then the little Snail grew sleepy, and curled itself down among the strange grasses. No one can say how long it slept, for the little Snail itself could never tell ; but, by and by, when it woke, all the



SO THE MAN TOOK THE ARROW AND THE BOW.

world seemed changed. Never before had the sky seemed so blue, nor had the sun seemed so near.

Strange thoughts crept into the Snail's little head. It grew afraid, and, turning itself earthward, it tried to hide itself within its shell. And lo! it had no shell, but legs and arms, long and straight and strong!

Now the Snail quaked indeed with fear. It rose high upon its feet and looked around. In a lake near by, it saw itself and wondered what strange thing had happened. Then a kind voice—the voice of the Great Spirit—spoke from the air and said:

“Fear not, little Snail that you once were. You are now a Man, and you shall be able to rule over all things that live—the fishes, the birds, and all animals in field or forest. But first you must have food such as Man should eat. Take, then, these arrows and this bow. Place the arrow thus, aiming at yonder deer; and, when he is slain, take from him his skin; for, by and by, when the North Wind blows, you will need it for a covering.

So the Man took the arrow and the bow, and did as the Great Spirit bade him. And, when this was

done, then the Great Spirit taught him to strike fire from rock, and so to cook his food.

After that the Great Spirit went away, and the Man wandered up and down the river banks alone. Out from a deep hole a Beaver crept, and to the strange, new creature sitting there he said, "Who are you?"

And the strange, new creature said, "I am a Man, though not long since I was a Snail. But tell me, who are you?"

"I am a Beaver. My home is beneath the banks, and my kingdom is the river. But we are brothers. Come, then, to my home, for you must need sleep and food."

Gladly the Man crept into the hole from whence the Beaver had come, and soon he found himself in a beautiful beaver village. There were houses made in the shape of cones, with a door through which to enter. And there were streets in this village, and every Beaver knew the home of every other.

Then the Beaver called his wife and daughter, and they laid before their guest a feast of poplar leaves, willow, sassafras root, and elder bark. Little of this could the strange man eat, but there came

into his heart a great loneliness. The Beaver had his home, and both wife and daughter to wait upon him, but the Man was all alone.

“Truly, you could spare this daughter,” the Man said, “and let her come and dwell with me. You shall teach me to build a home like this, and she shall daily lay the feast before me.”

Now, the Beaver’s daughter was kind, and she pitied the lonely Man; so she said: “If my father wills it so, gladly will I go and make a home for you.”

“You shall go,” said the Beaver. And the Man led her out from her home and wandered with her up the river bank, that they might have a place there to build for themselves another home.

Night came, and they lay down beside the river to sleep. But, behold! when the sun rose, the Beaver had disappeared, and in her place lay a beautiful Maiden. And when the Man awoke and saw her, then the Great Spirit whispered to them and said: “Make, now, a wigwam for yourselves. Be brave, Man, and hunt and fish. And you, most beautiful Maiden, you shall cook the food, and, by and by,

you shall learn to weave, and grind the corn which the Man shall plant; for you are like no other creatures on this earth, but are high above them all."

So sprang the people from the Snail and the Beaver, for such is the legend of the Red Children; and, because of their origin, they are wise and industrious, never idle, but busy always in the making of their homes and in the building of their villages.

LEGEND OF THE OPECHE.

When the son of the Red Man has grown tall and strong and brave, then the father warrior calls him to him and says :

“My son, my brave son, the time has come when you must go forth into the wilderness and fast. Behold the mat which your mother has woven for you to rest upon. Take it, therefore, and prove to your tribe that you are to be a brave, strong warrior, able to endure.”

Then the youth goes forth into the dense forest, and stretches himself, face downward, upon the mat, moving not and tasting neither food nor drink.

If he endures to the end of the time appointed for the fast, then he is brought into the presence of the chief. A great feast is laid, honors are poured upon the youth, and he becomes now a warrior of his tribe.

So it was with the gentle-hearted Nir-ig-wis, who loved the birds too well to shoot them ; for to his ears the music of their songs was sweeter than the warrior's shout.

Still, when his time came, he took the mat which his mother had woven, and went forth into the forest.

Each morning his father came to him with words of cheer; but, though his heart was strong within him, each morning found him more weak and pale, until on the morning of the ninth day he could only drag himself forward to meet his father's call.

"Fail not, my son," said the father. "Only three more days remain. Forget not that you come from a line of chiefs!"

On the morning of the tenth day, the boy could only raise his hands to his father as he came and stood beside his mat. And though the father's heart was moved with pity for his son; his face softened not, and again he said: "Fail not, my son; only two days more remain. Forget not that you come from a line of chiefs!"

The morning of the eleventh day came, and the father went again and stood beside the mat of his son. Very pale and still he lay; hardly could the father say whether life dwelt within the body. But the boy opened his lips and whispered: "Take me home, O my father. Only the mischievous manitos

are about me, for I shall never be a warrior, brave and bold and strong to endure."

But the father said: "Fail not, my son. Only to-day remains, and to-morrow, even before the sun has risen above the waters, and while the birds are waking, I will come, bearing with me food and the rich wine of the grape. Then strength will come back, and you shall sit in the tent of the chief. Think, my son, of the music and the feasting and the honor! And the warriors of the tribe shall say: 'Behold, another brave youth, born of a line of chiefs!'"

But the boy heard the words only faintly; and when the father was gone, the boy's own good manito came to him and gave him strength and hope and peaceful sleep. "To-morrow you shall come and dwell with me," said the manito; "for it is not for your gentle soul to find the joy in war and bloodshed."

Early when the morning of the twelfth day dawned, the father hurried forth into the forest, bearing in his hands meat and bread and wine.

"Now, my brave boy," he cried, "the fasting is ended! Arise and eat and drink! The chief waits

to welcome you, and the youths and maidens even now are singing the story of your brave endurance!"

But alas for the father's hopes! There lay the mat beneath the great trees, but the boy was gone.

"My son! my son!" the father cried. But no boy's voice gave answer, and the father threw himself upon the mat and groaned.

"Chee! chee! chee! chee! chee! chee!" called a sweet voice from the branches overhead. "Chee! chee! chee!"

"The sun still shines and the birds still sing!" the father wept. Then the little bird in the branches overhead came down, and spoke in the words of the Red Children:

"Sorrow not for me, my father. For see, my own good manito has given me the life of a bird, and I shall be forever happy and free. Though I came from a line of brave chiefs, it was not for me to be a warrior. So be glad for me, O my father!"

And when the father looked, behold, there stood before him a bird such as he had never seen before. It was large and tall, and upon its breast were feathers bright and red.



"SORROW NOT FOR ME, MY FATHER."

“O-pe-che! o-pe-che!” cried the father, which means Robin Red-Breast; and he ran back to his wigwam to tell his people what had happened.

Then the O-pe-che came and alighted upon the wigwam of the chief; it flew round and round the wigwam of its own father and mother; it called to its old playmates; and never from that time to this has it forgotten its love for the homes and villages of man. For it loves to build its nest in the trees not far from their houses, and to hover about the playgrounds of the children.

THE LAND OF THE HEREAFTER.

“O good manitos, good manitos!” prayed a young Brave, “tell me, where has my sister’s spirit gone? Will she never again come back to her home? Will she never again grind corn for her father and her brothers? Will she never again sit in her wigwam door and weave and sing?”

Then the manitos pitied the young Brave and said: “Your sister cannot come back to you, but you shall go to her.

“Listen now to our words. Go out upon the broad plain and shoot an arrow into the skies. Watch how it falls, for that shall guide you upon the way you shall take to reach the Isles of the Blessed, where now your sister dwells.”

The young Brave did as the manitos bade him, and the arrow fell to the West.

Then, as the red Sun sank in the clouds behind the mountains, the young Brave set forth. “I will follow where you lead, O Sun,” he said.

For many long days he journeyed on, up high mountains, through deep ravines, across broad plains and rivers, foot-sore and weary; still he rested not.

“I go to find my sister,” he said to himself, and so kept his heart light and his courage strong.

At last, on the shores of a great water, the Brave came to a tiny lodge hidden among the trees of a dark forest.

“Who comes to my lodge?” a voice called from within.

“I come to find my sister, who has gone to the Isles of the Blessed,” the young Brave answered.

“Surely you are a daring youth,” said the old man of the lodge. “Do you know what trials await you? what dangers shall confront you?”

“I know not, neither do I care!” the young Brave thundered. “I dare meet them all, if only in the end I may find my sister.”

“Come in, good friend, and rest,” the old man of the lodge said, pulling aside the bearskin to welcome the youth. “Often brave youths have come to this lodge to seek the dead; but none so brave as you have come. So enter, and I will guide thee to

the Land of the Hereafter—to the Isles of the Blessed, where now your sister dwells.

“Look out across this mighty lake. Do you see the pale forms floating in the sky far beyond the water? Those are the Blessed Ones; and it is there the great Islands lay.”

Then the young Brave threw down his bow and arrows and went down to the waters of the lake. There, waiting for his coming, lay a white canoe; and in the canoe sat a pale, white form. And in his hands he held two white oars.

He spoke not, but the young Brave understood. He took his seat in the canoe, and away they sped across the waters.

All night long they rode, and at sunrise reached the opposite shore.

Here lay the Islands of the Blessed; and on the shore stood the young Brave's sister to welcome him.

“Welcome, welcome, brother!” the sister cried; and the young Brave stepped on shore.

“Come with me,” she said. And, taking him by the hand, she led him up and down the fields of flowers. She showed him the purple hills which

stand at sunset out against the sky. She showed him flowers and grasses such as he had never seen before. And there was a sweetness in the air that filled the young Brave's heart with joy.

The forests were full of animals, and the waters were full of fish. But all were without fear; and, as the young Brave approached them, they ran to meet him, and rubbed their heads against him, like the dogs of his own wigwam.

For days and days the young Brave wandered up and down the Happy Hunting-Grounds, and talked with the friends that had so long since left the wigwams of the Red Men.

All were happy; all were at rest, and all welcomed him with joy.

Then the sister said, "My brother, you must now return to your people. You have been given this visit into the Isles of the Blessed that you may go back and tell your people of the life that awaits all brave warriors when they come down to the Lake of the White Canoe.

"Tell them about all that you have seen, that it may help them to be brave and true. Tell them that



AND WHEN THE YOUNG BRAVE APPROACHED, THE ANIMALS RAN OUT TO MEET HIM.

the Great Spirit loves them and watches over them always. And that when the right time comes, they shall come to the land of the Hereafter, where all is joy and peace.

“Be brave and true, and some time you shall come again. There is work yet for you to do in the world of the Red Men, and there are those that need you there. When your time has come, then again you shall enter the Isles of the Blessed; but not to return. For then your wigwam will await you here, your wigwam, your horse, and your dogs. Again you will be a brave warrior, and shall dwell forever in this Happy Hunting Ground.”

Then the young Brave went down to the shore. Again the white shade in the white canoe came for him, and together they rowed across the lake.

There the young Brave gathered up his bows and arrows and returned to his home in the wigwam village.

There was a strange light in his eyes, and a look upon his face like that upon the face of no other brave.

“I have seen the Land of the Hereafter!” he said.
“I have seen the Isles of the Blessed!”

The people gathered around him, and he told them all that he had learned and all that his sister had said. For never before had the Red Men known what life awaited them in the Land of the Hereafter.

“It is the Great Spirit that has permitted us to know all this,” the chief said.

Then a great feast was held; sacrifices were made, and there were games and dances. For thus it was that the Great Spirit taught his children and made them ready for the life that should be theirs, when, they should float out upon the waters toward the Isles of the Blessed—the Land of the Hereafter.

THE HIAWATHA LEGEND.

On the banks of the Tio to dwelt the Wise Man, Hiawatha ; and this name was given him by his people because of his great wisdom in council and his bravery in war.

No one knew this Hiawatha's father, no one knew his mother, for most high and mysterious was his origin—descended from the spirits of the air.

Wonderful things could Hiawatha do. He could run like the wind ; he could leap a cloud high in the air ; the birds and beasts and insects knew his voice and loved him ; with his arrows his aim was never-failing ; and in his magic canoe, he could sail without paddles up and down the river and across the lakes.

It was Hiawatha who taught his people to prepare the soil and plant the corn, to shoot the deer and dress the skin, to make the water-courses and clear the ground for fishing. To his wisdom the

Red Men listened ever, and they did whatever he bade them do; for his laws were wise and his judgment always true.

Once Hiawatha dwelt in the home even of the Great Spirit, and it was there that he grew so wise and good and brave. But because of his great love for man, and because he knew the need the Red Children had for him, he left his home in the land where the Great Spirit dwells, and came down to help and teach them here on earth.

By and by there came a time when war broke out among the tribes. Down from the North swept savage tribes, who fell upon the villages of the Onondagas and burned their wigwams. The cornfields, too, they destroyed, and they carried away the women and children captives.

Then the chiefs came to Hiawatha and begged that he would help them.

“Join together,” Hiawatha said, “into a great confederation. Bring together the chiefs of the tribes East and West and South. Hold a council. Choose one chief, whom all the tribes—yes, even the chiefs of the tribes—shall promise to obey. Then

will you be able to protect your homes and drive back the warriors from the North.”

This the people agreed to do ; and with Hiawatha, the council was to be held on a high bluff beside the lake. For three days Hiawatha sat in his wigwam, praying to the Great Spirit. Then, taking his beautiful daughter with him, he set forth to the assembly in his magic canoe.

On the bluff the Red Men waited ; and when they saw the canoe upon the sparkling water, they raised a great shout of welcome. But as Hiawatha landed from his canoe, lo ! a monstrous bird appeared in the sky above. It was like a great, white cloud ; and when it swept across the sun, the light was cut off, and a great darkness fell upon the lake.

Terror filled the hearts of the people, and even the face of Hiawatha grew pale and set. Nearer and nearer the great bird circled, his wings stretching out from lake to lake. Then, with a mighty swoop, it darted downward and fell upon the head of Hiawatha's daughter.

Hiawatha knew that never again should he see his daughter's beautiful face, for already he had read the

omen. "Raise the bird," he said to his people, "and from it pluck the strong, white feathers. Wear these, and let them be henceforth your badge of war."

They raised the great bird, but beneath it they found not the body of the maiden. "Soon shall I go to join her," Hiawatha said. The shadows of grief fell heavily upon his upturned face.

"And now," said he, stretching his hands out above the people, "listen to the words I would speak to you: We are friends and brothers. You are members of many tribes, and you have come from East and West and South. From a great distance you have come, for we need one another's help. The Northern tribes must be driven back. How shall this be done? Never by our tribes singly. Only by uniting in a common band of brotherhood may we hope to succeed. Let us do this, and we shall drive the enemy from our land.

"Listen to me by tribes. You, the Mohawks, sitting beneath the shadow of the great tree whose branches spread wide around and whose roots sink deep into the earth, shall be the first nation, because you are warlike and mighty.

“You, the Oneidas, who recline your bodies against the everlasting stone that cannot be moved, shall be the second nation, because you give wise counsel always.

“You, the Onondagas, who have your habitation at the foot of the great hills and are overshadowed by their crags, shall be the third nation, because you are gifted in speech.

“You, the Senecas, whose dwelling is in the dark forest and whose home is all over the land, shall be the fourth nation, because of your superior cunning in hunting.

“And you, the Cayugas, the people who live in the open country and possess much wisdom, shall be the fifth nation, because you understand the art of raising corn and building lodges.

“Unite, therefore, ye five nations, in one common interest; then no foe can disturb or subdue you.

“You, the people who are feeble, and you who are a fishing people, place yourselves under our protection, and we will defend you. And you of the South and of the West, do the same, and we will protect you all.



AND AS HE SAT IN HIS CANOE, LO! THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH SWEET MUSIC.

“Brothers, if we unite in this bond, the Great Spirit will smile upon us, and we shall be free and happy and prosperous. If we remain as we are, we shall be enslaved, ruined, perhaps annihilated. We may perish under the war storm, and our names be no longer remembered by good men, nor be repeated in the song and dance.

“Brothers, these are the words of Hiawatha. I have spoken. I am done.”

And now that his mission among the Red Children was done, Hiawatha went down to the waters; and as he sat again in his canoe, lo! the air was filled with sweet music. Over the lake a soft light, golden and red and purple, fell. The heavens blazed with glory, and away into the flood of light and music Hiawatha drifted.

Out, out across the lake the people watched him, until the purple mists fell upon the magic canoe and they could see his form no more. For he had gone from them forever—their friend, their counsellor, the wise, good Hiawatha.

“Then they said ‘Farewell forever!’

Said, ‘Farewell, O Hiawatha!’

THE HIAWATHA LEGEND.

And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness
Sighed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'
And the waves upon the margin,
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'
And the heron, the shuh-shuh-gah,
From his haunts among the fen-lands,
Screamed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'

Thus departed Hiawatha—

Hiawatha, the Beloved.

In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the region of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter."*

* The Song of Hiawatha. H. W. Longfellow. Houghton, Mifflin

THE POLE STAR.

The forests were dense ; and the Indians, weary with their days and nights of wandering, lay down by the side of a great river to rest. For many, many moons they had hunted in the forests and on the plains ; but the bad manitos were beside them, and the deer had fled like wind before their swiftest arrows.

The hunters were famishing ; their chief had fallen ; and they had no canoes with which to cross the river.

“Let us hold a council,” the warriors said. So the council was held ; the tobacco burned brightly ; and the warriors danced about the council fire. Suddenly in their very midst there appeared a cloud of mist. At first it was tall and thin, and reached far up above the tree tops. The warriors forgot their dance, their song, their council fire. They fell upon their faces. “It is a manito,” they whispered.

Then the mist sank lower and lower ; it swept

across the council circle and came and stood before the burning tobacco.

For a time it swayed to and fro ; then a form appeared—the form of a little child. There was the light of a manito upon its face, and in its hand it held a war-club that shone like fire.

“I come,” said the child, “to guide you safely home. For many moons you have wandered ; you are weary, and famine is upon you. But you have been brave warriors ; and the Good Spirit forgets not the brave.”

The warriors rose and followed where the little child led. All night long they followed. Then the child turned towards them saying, “Rest now ; and while you sleep a feast shall be prepared for you. Wait here for me ; and when the great sun’s light has gone again, I will come to guide you on through another night.”

So the warriors rested and feasted ; and when evening came, again the mist descended in their midst, and the child stood again before them.

And the child bore upon its shoulder, a skin jug and a horn cup, into which she poured a sparkling

water and bade each warrior drink. And as they drank, a great strength came to them: and they arose and followed the child again. All night long they pressed forward through the forests; and in the morning came out into the open plain with hills on every side. On the plain, herds of deer were browsing, and from the hillsides fresh sweet waters gushed forth. Here the child left the warriors, promising again to come when darkness fell upon the plain. All day long the warriors drank of the waters and feasted upon the tender venison, and slept in the warm sunlight of the hillsides.

At night again the mist descended, and the child came out from the cloud.

“I need not guide you across the plain,” the child said. “For behold, the Great Spirit has placed a star in the heavens that shall be a guide to you forever.

“Ti-yn-son-da-go-err! A star that shall never move! There in the North it shall stand, sending out its light to guide the Red Children who lose their way in the great forests or on the wide plains. It is the gift of the Great Spirit.”

And as the child pointed towards the northern heavens, behold, a bright star blazed out from the darkness. All night long the Red Children watched the skies. They saw the stars move around the horizon; they saw the stars overhead make their circle in the zenith. But this one new star—the star the little child had brought—of all the innumerable company of stars—this new star changed not.

“It is as the little child has told us,” the warriors said.

Then they fell upon their faces and cried, “Ti-yn-son-da-go-err ! Ti-yn-son-da-go-err !”

Then they held a great feast and offered sacrifices. And from that night to this the star has stood in its place in the heavens, unchanging and true—a guide for the Red Children who wander by night in the forests or out upon the great hunting grounds that stretch from sea to sea.

THE THUNDERERS.

“Who are you?” called a strange looking man from out the door of a cave. “Who are you?”

A poor half-dead warrior lay upon the rocks before the cave. He had fallen from a high precipice, and lay there too weak to move.

“I am a hunter,” the poor warrior answered weakly.

“And why do you lie here at the door of my cave?” the strange little man asked again.

“I must have fallen from the precipice above; for truly it is no wish of mine that I am here.” And the poor warrior groaned with pain.

“You are ill,” the strange little man chuckled; and as he spoke the hairs of his beard stood out like porcupine quills. “But I can make you well. I can make you well.”

“I will bring you wood for fire and game for food, if only you will make me well,” the warrior groaned again.

“Fire and food are just what I need,” the little

man chuckled. "I will make you well." Then he hobbled out from his cave, leaped from rock to rock, and disappeared around a great cliff. Very soon he came leaping back again, looking more like a porcupine than before with the great brushes of bristling herbs in either hand.

He steeped the herbs in a great kettle, dancing and singing as he stirred it like a medicine-man of the tribe.

"Drink!" snapped the little man when at last the medicine was ready. The warrior drank; and as he drank, behold health and strength came back to him.

"Now go and hunt for me," growled the little old man, his beard bristling with ill-nature.

The warrior set out obediently; and came back with game enough for two.

"Very well," the little old man growled. "Now cook it for me."

For many moons the warrior dwelt in the cave of the old man working for him—hunting, cooking, watching the fires. Some times he was very weary; for the little old man proved a hard master. He longed to get away and to find his way back to his

home; but he was bound by honor to the old man; for a warrior never breaks a promise.

At night he would go out into the valley and look up at the sky. And when he saw the Pole star he would say, "That way my home lies."

And he would think of the warm wigwam and the bright camp fire; and of the mother and wife and little children who must long ago have given him up as dead.

The little old man was mysterious. Sometimes the warrior believed there was a spell upon him; for in the flickering light of the cave fire, he would crouch and crouch, and his beard would bristle and bristle until he seemed like a very porcupine rather than a man.

At last one day in early spring, when the snows were melting and the rains were heavy, then appeared before the warrior three tall cloud-wrapped figures.

"Who are you?" the warrior cried.

"We are the Thunderers," was the answer that rolled back as if from the distant mountain peaks.

The warrior fell upon his face.

“Fear not,” the Thunderers called again, this time more softly. “We shall do you no harm. It is our mission to do only good. To bring showers when the fields are dry; to fill the lakes and rivers; and even to strike down with lightning flashes people and animals, reptiles and insects that are ill-abiding upon the earth.

“And to-day we have come to destroy the old man of the cave—the man whom you serve, and who is porcupine rather than man, as you shall see when once we shall have lifted the veil from him.

“But we must have your help. See! we will slay this great bear for you. Go then to the cave and bid the old man come out to help you drag your game to cave. Once here we will sieze upon him and you are then free to go to your own home.”

With joyful heart the warrior hurried to the cave.

The rain had ceased; the sun was shining brightly now. The little old man peered out from his dark cave.

“You are sure there are no clouds in the sky,” he asked anxiously.

“Not one cloud,” the warrior answered.

“And the sun is high?”

“The sun is midway between sea and mountain.”

Then the little old man crept out. The sky was indeed clear, and the sun was high. He listened closely; then he hurried forward a few steps only; then he stopped again to listen.

“You are sure you have heard no thunder?” he asked in a whisper.

“You see how clear the sky is,” the warrior answered.

And so at last the old man made his way to where the slain bear lay.

With greedy, cruel hands the strange old man fell upon it, cut it in pieces and started towards the cave with its skin over his shoulder.

But just then the thunder rumbled in the distance.

The old man stopped and stared at the skies. Louder and louder, nearer and nearer the thunder rolled.

“It is strange,” he said, “and the sky so clear.”

Just then a great peal crashed across the skies. It echoed and re-echoed down the valley. With a shriek, the old man threw down the skin and ran.

And as he ran, behold he fell upon his fore feet, a great snout pushed forward, quills bristled, and he fled like the wind—a man no longer, not even in semblance—but the fiercest, ugliest, most terrible porcupine that the Red man had ever seen.

On, on, the thunders rolled in quick pursuit. Flash after flash burst upon the huge creature who had all his life done only harm to man. One more crash of thunder! a flash of scorching light! and the porcupine fell lifeless—at the door of his den.

“And now, brave warrior,” said the Thunderers, you have helped us to rid the earth of one of its greatest evils. You are free now to go home to your own tribe who still mourn your absence.”

Then the Thunderers rose high in the air, and floated away across the mountain tops. But as they rose, there floated down their own robe of cloud-garment, settling upon the shoulders of the warrior like a piece of golden sunset glory.

“Hide this in the forests,” the Thunderers murmured; “then you may join us when you will and float with us across the skies.” And so the warrior became to his people the man of the Golden Cloud

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